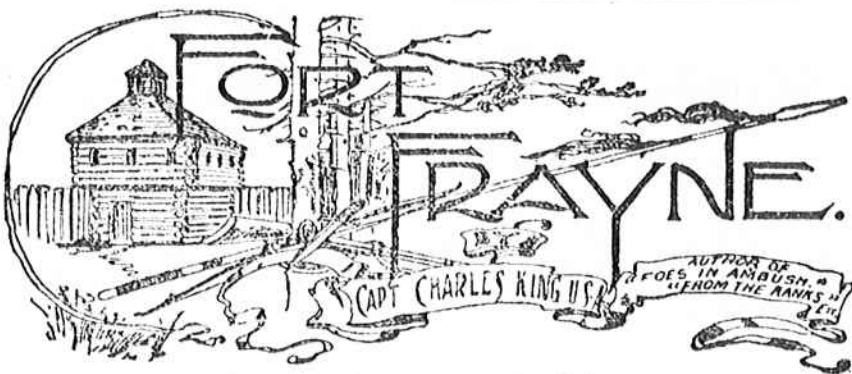


THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.



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CHAPTER IX.

A snow cloud was hanging over Port Frayne that lovely Christmas eve, and the moon shone down through a filmy veil of lace and cast black shadows on the dazzling surface. Everywhere about the post lights were twinkling in the quarters and sounds of soldier merriment and revelry came from the barracks. Over at the assembly room Rork and his party were still busily at work hanging festoons of green and completing the decorations for the morrow, while in the several households among the officers dinner parties or similar entertainments called together under one roof or another almost all the families as well as the bachelors of the garrison. The children were rejoicing in their great Christmas tree at the chapel. The colonel had hidden them all to his big house for a Santa Claus party after the public ceremony of the post Sunday school, and Aunt Lucetta, a garrulous, flighty, feather-brained fairy of 40 summers or more, was doing her best to get the little gifts in proper order against their coming, being aided in her perplexities and complications by the dreamy, but devoted, Wayne. Kitty was dining at the Farwells—a temporary truce having been patched up between her and Will about sunset—and Ellis, too, very, very much against her wish, was one of this party. Ormsby was, of course, hidden, and had been placed near the lady of his love, but averted eyes and monosyllabic answers were the only returns of his devotion.

Grieved and hurt at first, the sterling fellow was finally stung to reprisals. He was guilty of no wrong. He was worthy far kinder treatment at her hands, and noting her apparent determination to talk only with the men across the table or with Captain Amory, who had taken her in, the New Yorker presently succeeded in interesting the lady on his right, and when dinner was over and the women passed out into the parlor, was enabled to make a dash for Miss Farrar with a very courteous but entirely ceremonious bow. Ellis flushed, but, inclining his head, passed him by without a word.

It was then nearly 8:30 o'clock, and the gleeful voices of the children could be heard returning from the chapel, and, mindful of his promise to Helen Dauntton, Ormsby was already figuring for an opportunity of temporary escape. It had been arranged that most of the officers and ladies were to gather at the hofraum after 10, "just to see if the floor was in good shape for tomorrow," and Jack well understood that Ellis did not mean that he should be her escort, and, as matters now stood, he did not desire her to suppose that such was his wish. Even as he was pondering over the oligarchies and coffee how he should manage the matter and giving but absentminded attention to the cheery chat about him, Captain Amory suddenly lifted his hand and said, "Hush!"

Out across the courtyard, quick, stirring and spirited, the cavalry trumpet was sounding "officers' call," and every man sprang to his feet. "What can it mean?" "What has happened?" were the questions that assailed them as they came streaming out through the parlor in search of their greatcoats.

"Did you ever know such a regiment?" exclaimed the hostess impulsively. "I do believe you never get through Christmas without a tragedy of some kind." And then she bit her tongue as she caught sight of Ellis Farrar's startled face.

"I think if you will excuse me, Mrs. Farwell, I will go to mother a moment. She is at the chaplain's by this time and Mrs. Dauntton is with her. Still, I feel anxious. All this may excite her very much."

And so, while the officers went hurrying away across to the adjutant's office, Ormsby found himself, after all, tendering his arm to Miss Farrar. He was the only man left. Kitty, excited and agitated, she knew not why, had made some clumsy attempts to detain him, but his long legs had by this time carried him half way to the scene of the sudden summons.

"Thank you, no. I do not need it," said Ellis coldly. "Indeed, I do not need escort at all to go so short a distance."

"It seems to be the post custom none the less," was the grave answer. "Besides, I think I am justified in saying you have treated me with aversion so marked of late that I am entitled to know the cause. What can I have done to deserve it, Ellis? Let us understand each other."

"There is only one way, then, Mr. Ormsby," she answered, with sudden impulsiveness. "Who is Helen Dauntton?"

"Ellis, I cannot tell you now," was the sorrowful, gentle answer. "Be patient with me yet a little while."

"Yes—I know."

"And you say let us understand each other," she answered bitterly.

"Ellis, I said to you before when we spoke of this that there are secret orders a soldier must obey and not explain. In these last few hours secret orders have come to me."

"And you accept secret orders—from her?"

"I accept them from my honor, Ellis, for I have given my word. No," he implored, as she hesitated as though to

leave him, "listen, for it may be my last opportunity tonight. I know it seems hard and strange to you that when I would lay my whole life open before you, I must not yet tell you this. But, Ellis, I give you my honor I am hiding nothing shameful to that poor woman nor to me. It is only for a time I must be silent. When I can speak, you'll forgive me, dear. You will thank me that I do keep silence now. Trust me, Ellis. Can you not look up at me and say you trust me?"

At the threshold he turned and once more faced the post commander. He was shot, and I'm sorry he missed. You say there are cowboys enough in the county to clean out a dozen such bands as his and that Laramie Pete's friends won't rest until they've done it. Go you to them right from this spot and say for me there are not cowboys enough in all the territory to lick this regiment, if you've got to do that before you can raise one scalp in that village."

"All right, Colonel Fenton. In the old days we used to say blood was thicker than water, and in many a tough place we've stood by the soldier against the savage. There was never a time we went back on you, and this is the first time I ever heard of an officer who would go back on you."

"Don't distort things now, my friend," said Fenton. "I never would go back on you, as you say, if you were the assailed and the wronged. This is a case of simple justice, and I interpose to keep the peace until the rights and wrongs can be sifted and settled. Take my advice and keep away from the village."

"There's higher power 'ere the land than the military, Colonel Fenton, and that's public opinion, and public opinion says Big Road's people murdered Laramie Pete. Public opinion says we want the murderers, and, by God, we mean to have 'em even if we have to clean out the whole village! We want no fight with you; but, through the press and congress, we'll use you up till there won't be as much left of you as the Sioux left of Custer's crowd. Take my advice and keep away from us."

And so saying Ben Thorpe, "king of the cowboys," as they called him on the Platte, strode angrily out of the room, the officers parting in silence to let him go. At the threshold he turned and once more faced the post commander.

"Another thing, Colonel Fenton!" And as he spoke Ormsby could see how the strong frame was quivering with excitement and wrath. "You say we're not the sheriff's posse and we cannot act in accordance with law. There's no sheriff in all Wyoming nearer than Rock Springs, and I'm sheriff in these parts until he comes. You sheriff enough to hunt murderers, and sheriff enough to run down horse thieves, and do it with out waiting for warrants, either, and that damned redskin whom you're protecting here by your side is one of the four that shot Pete Boland. I'll send a sheriff's posse here in ten minutes, and I'll give you warning here and now we mean to have the law on him or you, and you take your choice. Will you surrender him?"

Ormsby felt his nerves and muscles quivering. This was indeed heading the lion in his den. It was a new thing to see a post commander bowed to his own tailwhisker. Fenton, however, never showed the faintest irritation. Checking with a gesture the indignation move made by some of the younger officers, he turned quietly to the officer of the day.

"Captain Amory, let a file of the guard escort that gentleman off the reservation."

"So be it, Colonel Fenton, and let the country know I was thrust off the post at the point of the saber. I'll wait for my escort."

He had little time to wait. Almost at the doorway already, the corporal's guard, obeying the impatient summons of the young officer in command, came trotting up at double quick, a non-commissioned officer and two troopers. One of the latter, stocky, heavily bearded, slowly, with furtive, bloodshot eyes, looked uneasily at him as the detail halted, and, springing up the steps, the corporal lightly touched the cowboy on the shoulder. Thorpe had turned back as though to hurl some parting shot or sarcasm at the oppressor, but at the touch of the corporal's hand looked coolly around. "Well, sonny, what do you want?"

"Come along, Ben," said the corporal, quietly, then started back involuntarily at the expression of amazement and wrath that shot suddenly into the cowboy's face.

"What!" blazed Thorpe, striding a pace forward. "You here? You off-limits as policeman to show me off Uncle Sam's jollyland. You, you sneak and scound!" he shouted, shaking a fist in Grace's sudden face. "You, you brag and blackguard—you coward, who left poor Crawford's wife without a defender. You cur, who stole the last cent he had and then betrayed him to the Indians; you liar, who brag of being an officer's son and dare not own your own name!"

"Stand back!" he fiercely cried, as the corporal once more strove to place a hand upon his shoulder. "I've no quarrel with you, Reddy, or with this poor devil, who can only do as he's ordered, but I'd die in my tracks before that life lived bound should escort me off this post. Out of the way!" he cried, and with one mighty bound reached his horse, leaped into his saddle, and dashed a few yards away. Then, whirling about, he swung his hat in air. "Good night to you, gentlemen. Merry Christmas to you, one and all. You've got one of those bloody murderers here, so keep him if you choose, but we'll have the other three before the sun rises in spite of all the thugs and thieves like that fellow you can muster in the cavalry."

And with a parting malediction at Grace and a look of the stinging quirt, he whirled his broncho and dashed away at the gallop.

"Damn that fellow!" said Fenton. "I like him in spite of all his deviltry. There's no help for it, gentlemen—the Twelfth has got to spend its Christmas standing between those rough riders and the very band that killed our colonel three long years ago."

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

a mad, brained trick in my eyes and an outrage from the Indian point of view. Big Road would have been no chief at all if he hadn't resented it furiously. It may be, as you say, that he was first to pull his gun, but you pulled him off his horse. The men that did it deserve to be



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[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

DEFECTS IN THE DISPENSARY.

A Strong Advocate Urges the Legislature to Improve the Law.

The Piedmont Headlight, edited by Larry Gantt, who was credited with making the original suggestion of the law, contains a lengthy editorial discussing the dispensary system. Here are some of its statements:

"That there has been mismanagement and some stealing connected with the dispensary since its establishment is no one can or will deny. That the whole thing needs reorganizing and overhauling is generally conceded. No business ever conducted by this or any other State presented such an inviting field for corruption. It was a new and untried experiment, and its inaugurators had no guide by which to go. The enemies of the law made it so obnoxious that it was a hard matter to secure the services of a successful business man to accept any position connected with the dispensary. The press and the public both started a crusade against the new experiment to control the liquor traffic, and church members were even threatened with expulsion did they not resign the position."

"Bar rooms will never again be established in South Carolina. The only change allowed in the dispensary system will be to permit private individuals to sell under the same restrictions as to hours and quantity as is now practiced. Of course we can have so-called 'prohibition,' but experience in other States has demonstrated the fact that prohibition does anything but what it purports to do. It simply exchanges the legalized sale of whiskey for countless dgeries, where the vilest decoctions are sold to any one who will buy."

"We believe as our State dispensary is now conducted, that there is no ground for any charge of dishonesty in Columbia. The State board of control are gentlemen whose names carry with them the confidence and respect of the people. They are men of the highest character, and they have one of the finest accounts in the South—and if any race of law is practiced by subordinates he is sure to find it out."

"The greatest trouble we see with the dispensary is the high price charged for liquors and their unrestricted sale. There is no denying the transparent fact that as now managed the dispensary is a mere money-making machine. The whiskey is sold at a profit of 25 per cent, and when we had bar rooms, here is where reform is needed, and badly needed, too. In the first place the State has no more right to create a monopoly and profit by it than it has to create a monopoly of the dispensary, and then throw it open to the tender of any man who has the money to buy it."

"And in the connection, and being a friend to the dispensary law, truth and candor compels us to say that while for a time the use of stimulants was greatly curtailed, we can see a daily increase in liquor-drinking and drunkenness. We have two dispensaries in Spartanburg, and at any public place it is a hard task to enter the doors. At first one dispensary did all the business easily."

"Too much liquor is being sold by the dispensaries, and it is too easy to get it. The consequence is that it is increasing, when if the dispensary proves what its friends designed, it promised, the use of intoxicants would be gradually and steadily diminished. No county should be allowed more than one dispensary, and then throw greater restrictions around the sale. If we can reduce the consumption of intoxicants one-half, or even one-third, so much the better."

A RATE WAR EXPECTED.

The Belief that Hostilities Will Be Resumed Is Spreading.

Railroad circles are somewhat agitated over a rapidly spreading belief that the rate war between the Seaboard Air Line and the Southern Railway is to be renewed. The action of the directors of the Seaboard in increasing the rate of the Seaboard in the recent rate war first created the impression that another war might be resorted to.

Color is given this belief by an interview with Vice President St. John of the Seaboard, in the Washington Star. The inference necessarily drawn from this interview is that Mr. St. John's price of peace is the withdrawal of the Southern's steamer line between Baltimore and Norfolk, and the grant of the Seaboard's demand that its sleepers be carried through from Washington to New Orleans.

These were the demands of the Seaboard last summer, and failing to get what was wanted, the Seaboard in-

augurated the great rate war. No surprise, therefore, would be created by another declaration of war at any time.

The Seaboard Air Line," said Mr. St. John to a reporter, "will demand from its competitors all the privileges accorded to any other railway company, and failing to receive them, will resort to such means to enforce its demands as may be deemed wise and just by the directors of the company."

"If the Southern Railway Company wants to preserve the peace between itself and the Seaboard Air Line, it knows exactly what to do," continued Mr. St. John. To a further question he said that the Seaboard Air Line announced some months ago that it wanted to run through passenger coaches from New York to New Orleans, and that it still wants that right. He added:

"I do not look upon the concessions which we have said we wanted in the light of a favor. I consider that the Seaboard has the right to demand any and every accommodation that is extended by any and every line to either the Seaboard or any other competitor of the Seaboard."

As to whether a rate war was impending, Mr. St. John said:

"That depends entirely upon what the Southern may do. If it does anything to change the existing condition of affairs, as I said before, it knows what step is necessary for them to take to restore harmony. Right here I wish to say that the impression which has gotten abroad that the Seaboard is anxious to fight its competitors is an erroneous one. The Seaboard does not want rate wars, but we know our rights, and I trust and hope we will always be able to maintain and enforce them."

PERSECUTED BY PROFITS.

A Rich Man Who Tries to Lose His Fortune, But Can't.

The history of John Lawrence Schoolcraft, who, nearly broken-hearted and almost in life, plods uncomplainingly through a weary existence, earning by constant labor a bare maintenance, is a sad one. Several days ago bonds and securities amounting to \$80,000 were found in the bottom of a cast-off trunk in the Saratoga Hotel in Chicago, as was related at the time in the Courier-Journal. The finding of such valuables has led to an investigation, and the fact has been established that the bonds and securities belong to John Lawrence Schoolcraft, formerly of Kentucky.

Chief of Police Badenoch, of Chicago, when he turned over the securities to the owner, instead of making him happy, brought sorrow and suffering to him, as the bonds recall a sad event in his life, which he had striven hard to wipe out and forget. The day the bonds were found by a waiter at the Saratoga Hotel Schoolcraft was earning his living by addressing letters at \$1 per thousand. It was quickly learned that he was the owner of the bonds, for he had the hotel check for the trunk in which they were found. He also had a receipted bill for his board at the Saratoga Hotel. When he was asked in regard to the securities he once possessed, gave the numbers readily. Chief Badenoch, wanting to be more sure, however, sent Schoolcraft's picture to his old home in Richmond, Va. Letters were received immediately from prominent business men of Richmond saying the picture was undoubtedly that of Schoolcraft. This dismissed all doubts as to the man's identity and right of ownership.

These letters also explained why Schoolcraft, with \$80,000 at his command, keeps up the drudgery of addressing envelopes to earn his daily livelihood. He himself declines to tell the story of his life, but in answer to persistent questioning only says: "No man on earth has suffered more than I. Had I thought my past would be dug up in connection with these miserable old papers, I would never have made a secret of them. May my secret be buried with my body."

Ten years ago John Lawrence Schoolcraft was a vigorous, handsome young man of 29 years. He was an enterprising young business man and a member of the firm of Campbell & Schoolcraft of Richmond, Va. The firm was a popular one and made money fast. Schoolcraft had extensive business ventures outside of his regular business, and all of them netted him big gains. Mrs. Schoolcraft was a beautiful woman and a devoted wife. She was one of the most attractive and fascinating leaders of Richmond society. Schoolcraft idolized his wife, and his whole life seemed to be given up to her pleasure and happiness. One day he awoke the next morning to find a lawyer named Stein, who had been one of his most confidential and trusted friends had robbed him of his wife's affections. He made no complaint, neither did he utter a word of censure, but hastily converted all his property into cash and securities and left his once happy home to become a wanderer the rest of his life.

Schoolcraft's main purpose was to squander all his money and scatter it in a way that his wife could never get it. He rushed into big speculations and often instead of losing, realized handsome profits. Taxes on his real estate were purposely left unpaid and the property was sold and resold until it was clouded by mortgages too far to admit of any redemption. He went into big mining schemes and all kinds of wild speculations, and in almost every instance would win. Finally he was heard from in Albuquerque, N. M., where he had invested in what he considered a losing venture, but to his utter disgust he realized that it over \$100,000. Schoolcraft finally succeeded in squandering all his money, and landed in Chicago about two weeks ago with but a few dollars in his pocket and with a determination to earn a pittance wherewith to sustain himself.

When Chief Badenoch took the securities after they were found and showed them to Schoolcraft he said they belonged to him, but they were worthless. Experts who have examined them declare they are good, and not only can their face value be readily collected, but the accrued interest, which will amount to some thousands of dollars. Schoolcraft, although being only 29 years of age, has aged rap-

idly, and the sad expression on his face betrays a bright mind.

Schoolcraft was born in Kentucky, and lived in the State prior to his residence in Richmond.

QUEER NOISES AT NINETY SIX.

They Preceded the Earthquake Ten Years Ago—Again The Rumbling Is Heard.

Mr. Henry J. Kinard, of Ninety Six, S. C., writes as follows to the Columbia Register:

About eleven or twelve years ago a rumbling noise was heard about four miles southeast of this place, resembling the report of a cannon, only the sound was deadened somewhat by being underground. It started nearly two years before the great August earthquake, and became more frequent and louder up to the earthquake, and continued only a few weeks after the earthquake. These explosive reports were not at regular intervals, sometimes once in two times a day, and some days would not be heard. The vibration of the earth just after an explosion or report was sufficient to rattle glassware and glass windows hard enough to wake one at night, or flying with some head on the base of a tree you could feel the vibration. Some people living close became very much alarmed and were uneasy that something would happen to injure them. I have a farm on Ninety-Six Creek, where these reports were so pronounced, and I often heard them. I think large pieces of earth must be dropping off beneath the surface, falling deep down in some cavity below, which must cause the report. These reports were heard in a radius of about three miles. They were more pronounced than the report of blasting, but having somewhat of the deadened sound. I shall always believe they were somewhat connected with the great earthquake, which nearly two years before the earthquake, when first heard, they were not so loud and less frequent, but just before the earthquake they were very frequent and so much louder and of course the vibration of the earth so much more striking, and, as I stated, after the earthquake they were less frequent and not so loud, and in the course of about six weeks were heard no more.

I am not going to predict that we are to have another earthquake, nor is it my purpose in writing this article to disturb those who are nervous, but it is a fact that about six or eight weeks ago these unexplained and unexplored reports started again and were more frequent and louder than when first heard eight weeks ago, so say the people who live out there.

I wrote a short article one week ago to the News and Courier, giving these facts, selecting that paper, as it was not cause the Columbia correspondent of that paper, some time before the August earthquake, came up here and wrote a lengthy article giving testimony of the reports, and I thought responsible men in regard to these explosive noises. The News and Courier did not publish my article from some cause I know not. I supposed the editor thought it might affect Charleston, as the News and Courier is not worth the space it would take to publish it, or that it might disturb some nervous persons. I ask you, Mr. Editor, to publish this for no other purpose than to let the public know that these explosive noises were associated with the great August earthquake and that it ought to be known by the people that these explosive reports are heard again. My correspondence nine years ago in the Charleston paper was taken by the News and Courier as a curiosity, but proved to be a fact. Captain Petty took considerable interest at the time in my statements. During the late war parties living on these islands reported each day exactly the number of cannons that were fired in Charleston. If you are disposed to publish this, if any changes in these explosive take place, I will write you again.

SUICIDE OF AN EDITOR.

A Popular Young Man Ended His Life in a Sensational Manner.

Mr. Richard E. Cherry, who was until recently the associate editor of The Penny Press, a daily paper in Albany, Ga., committed suicide at his home in that city on the 24th inst. The act was a sensational one, and the death of a popular young man, and the loss of a position, and its accomplishment was marked by some of the most sensational features that ever characterized self-murder.

Cherry had for a long time been connected with The Penny Press, but last week was requested to tender his resignation; was made distressingly despondent and hopeless. The next day he left town in search of work, and nothing more was heard of him until his return last night. He walked up to his mother's home, and as she came to the door to meet him, he put his arms around her and said: "Mother, I have come home to die."

He produced a half-empty morphine bottle and exhibited it to her. The half-crazed mother wrenched it from his grasp and after having concealed it, as she thought, she excitedly summoned all the physicians in the neighborhood.

Cherry had been when she had put the drug, and as he attempted to get it and swallow what remained, his 16-year-old sister rushed up. She divined his intention, and grasped his arms and struggled desperately for the position of the bottle. He succeeded in overpowering her, and as she sank exhausted to the floor he calmly swallowed the remainder of the deadly poison.

A number of physicians responded almost immediately. Cherry was rapidly going into a stupor. They fought heroically, but to no avail, to save his life. He lapsed into unconsciousness despite their efforts to keep him awake, and in a few hours was dead.

The mother and sister are prostrate with grief, and all Albany is deplored the sad affair. Cherry was about 30 years old, and unmarried. He was one of the most popular men in south-west Georgia, and a well-known figure in Georgia journalism.

THE POLICY OF GOVERNOR-ELECT ELLERBE.

HE WANTS TO UNITE THE WHITE PEOPLE.

A Patriotic Purpose in View—He Takes High Ground on Public Affairs.

Special to The State.

THURSDAY, Nov. 25.—At this point today, starting for Columbia, I met the man who soon after the second Tuesday in January next is to assume the direction of the State government—Governor-Elect William H. Ellerbe—and spent several hours with him. He talked pleasantly and tactfully of the future of his State, and forces one to the conclusion that his aim is to bring about genuine peace and unity among the whole people, if he is given the proper support. The Governor-elect takes high ground on matters of great public concern and says his desire is to give the entire people of South Carolina a clean, impartial administration of the affairs of the State government. He says he has clearly marked down the policy he would follow, and expects to how to them, and to the truly patriotic men of both factions to lay aside factional differences and personal matters and give him their assistance.

The Governor-elect is looking well just at this time. He says his health was bad just after the campaign, but he is now quite well again. He expects to move his family to Columbia as soon as he is inaugurated, and they will reside at the executive mansion. He smilingly remarked to-day that one leading manufacturer of bicycles had offered him a handsome machine if he would take his exercise in that way; he added with a smile, "But I think walking is safer and better for me. I am accustomed to walking about the farm."

Mr. Ellerbe occupies a position somewhat distinct from his predecessors in the gubernatorial chair. His election was one of the unanimous kind, and he is not bound by promises, neither is he tied up with obligations to any for support. About his only promise given in the campaign was that to the people of Charleston that if he would enforce the dispensary law he would move the metropolitan police. When I asked him about this to-day, he declined to have anything to say on the subject, but those who know him are assured that that promise will be kept.

As to the dispensary, the Governor-elect, while he will deal with it in his inaugural, will not make any suggestions or recommendations to the General Assembly. He will, however, in his inaugural, call upon the people of the State to stand by him and help him enforce the law to the letter as long as it is upon the statute books. Mr. Ellerbe has studied the question thoroughly and has his views as to what should be done, but these views he is not making public, nor will he be likely to have anything to say at all, unless it be in a special message after his inauguration.

Mr. Ellerbe has already begun work on his inaugural address. In that address he will take a new line. He will hardly devote it to recommendations to the General Assembly, but will very plainly make it an address to the whole people, general in its character and broad in its scope. For Mr. Ellerbe believes that an inaugural should be addressed to the people themselves. To-day I asked Mr. Ellerbe about the chance of getting a meeting in taxes in South Carolina. He said this was a matter to which he had given most serious consideration and much time, but he had failed to evolve any scheme. The only thing he could see was the increase of the tax on real estate in the State. This could be brought about by bringing more people with money into the State and by encouraging the settlement of emigrants here. It would cost no more to run the State government with such an increase of property and taxes would be lowered.

Mr. Ellerbe has outlined an excellent policy as to the making of all appointments, but in regard to this as in nearly everything else he is exceedingly recent.

He had just left Senator Tillman when I saw him to-day. He and Senator Tillman are members of the curriculum committee of the Clemson trustees, and he had come down to see the Senator about the condition of affairs at the college. The death of Prof. McGee deprives the college of a professor of agriculture, thus leaving one of the essential departments without a director. There seems to be great difficulty about finding a man to fill the place. It has been agreed upon finally, Mr. Ellerbe says, to leave the matter open until Dec. 14, when the trustees meet at the college commencement. Mr. Ellerbe says Senator Tillman is to make two speeches soon—one at St. Matthews on Dec. 10, and the other at Gaffney on Dec. 15, in aid of the new county of which that place desires to be the county seat.

—Rev. Thomas Kayser, D. D., of the